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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME L. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 6, 1902. NUMBER 10

THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

FLING forth the triple-colored flag to dare
The bright, untraveled highways of the air.
Blow the undaunted bugles, blow, and yet
Let not the boast betray us to forget.
Lo, there are high adventures for this hour—
Tourneys to test the sinews of our power,
For we must parry—as the years increase—
The hazards of success, the risks of peace!

What do we need to keep the nation whole,
To guard the pillars of the state? We need
The fine audacities of honest deed;
The homely old integrities of soul;
The swift temerities that take the part
Of outcast right—the wisdom of the heart;
Brave hopes that Mammon never can detain,
Nor sully with his gainless clutch for gain.

We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The common burden and the public trust
To be a thing as sacred and august
As the white vigil where the angels kneel.
We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God.

—EDWIN MARKHAM.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

Sunday Night Meetings for Chicago and Vicinity.

The ethical and religious problems of the day, and the duties and opportunities of the churches in connection therewith discussed. In the spirit of the Congress, the things held in common will be emphasized. The aim will be not controversy on old lines, but construction on the newer and higher lines of private morals and civic duties.

The following churches have already asked for meetings. Where no dates or speakers are indicated, details are yet to be settled.

The Cooperation of other Churches and Ministers is Solicited.

November 9. Stewart Ave. Universalist Church, Cor. Stewart Ave. & 65th St., Rev. R. A. White, Pastor; speakers, Dr. H. W. Thomas and Dr. E. G. Hirsch.

November 16. Unity Church, Oak Park, Rev. R. F. Johonnot, Pastor; speakers, Dr. H. W. Thomas, "Public Morality the common aim of the Church, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "Extra-Church Forces working for the Higher Morality"; W. H. Hatch, Sup't of Schools, Oak Park, "Teaching Morals in the Public School."

November 23. All Souls Church, Cor. Oakwood Blvd. & Langley Ave., Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Pastor; speakers, Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, Cornell University, Prof. Geo. B. Foster, University of Chicago, Prof. Herbert L. Willett, University of Chicago.

November 30. Unity Church, Dearborn Ave. & Walton Place, Albert Lazenby, pastor. Topic, "The Church and the Masses." Speakers, Dr. E. G. Hirsch, Dr. H. W. Thomas and Prof. Herbert L. Willett.

December 7. Church of the Redeemer, Warren Ave. & Robey St., F. C. Priest, Pastor. Speakers to be announced.

December 14. Church of the Disciples, Hyde Park, Rev. E. S. Ames, Pastor. Speakers to be announced.

Pilgrim Congregationalist Church, Harvard Ave. & 64th St. Rev. F. E. Hopkins, pastor. Speakers to be announced.

University Congregationalist Church, Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, Pastor. Speakers to be announced.

People's Congregationalist Church, 9737 Avenue L, Rev. Chas J. Sage, Pastor. Speakers to be announced.

January 4, 1903. Third Unitarian Church, Monroe street near Kedzie, Rev. W. M. Backus, Pastor. Speakers to be announced.

Congregationalist Church, Waukegan, Ill., Rev. L. Curtis Talmage, Pastor. Speakers to be announced.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Racine, Wis., Rev. W. L. Grier, Pastor. Speakers to be announced.

Isaiah Temple, Vincennes avenue and 45th street, Joseph Stolz, Rabbi. Speakers to be announced.

K. A. M. Congregation, Indiana avenue and 33d street, Tobias Schanfarber, Rabbi. Speakers to be announced.

South Chicago Baptist Church, cor. Houston avenue and 90th street, Frederic Tower Galpin, Pastor. Speakers to be announced.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church, Millard avenue and 22nd street, Rev. Granville Ross Pike, Pastor. Speakers to be announced.

In addition to the speakers above named, the following have indicated their readiness to co-operate:

REV. W. P. MERRILL,
W. M. SALTER,
REV. FRED V. HAWLEY,
REV. VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS,
REV. W. HANSON PULSFORD.

The speakers and topics are selected by the local church, which is under no expense other than that of heat, light, singing, etc. No collections will be taken.

As many copies of this announcement will be furnished free of charge as the local church will care to distribute. Correspondence solicited by

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, General Secretary, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago.

UNITY

VOLUME L. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1902. NUMBER 10

Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Ann Arbor, who has rendered high service in his popular interpretation of the scientific conclusions concerning the life and gospel of Jesus of Nazareth, is contributing a series of articles on "The Historical Jesus" in the *Springfield Republican*, which cannot fail to bring forth good results.

One more book on Robert Browning. This time it is from the pen of Stopford Brooke, the man who has contributed so much to an appreciation of English literature, clearly the ripest man for such a subject as this now in England. While we have often cautioned the student of poetry against books about a great author to the neglect of that author, and while we still believe that the best interpreter of the poetry of Robert Browning is Robert Browning, and in the main the adequate handbook for the study of the same is a good edition of his works, notably that edited by Misses Porter and Clarke, still we rejoice in this new volume and give the same cordial welcome and commend it to our readers, pending a more deliberate estimate, which will doubtless come in due time.

Political patronage has so eaten into the management of the public institutions of the State of Illinois that it is not only a matter of national scandal, putting the State of Illinois nearly at the bottom of the list of the Northern States in this respect, but it has eaten into the vitality and virility of the public mind. Even the State Conference of Charities has come under the thumb of the state board and its secretary, which in turn are created by the Governor for political reasons. At its recent meeting in Peoria it touched the matter gingerly. Though it passed its annual resolutions in favor of civil service in public institutions it remains to be seen whether the incoming board will back these resolutions with the scourge of the initiative and seek to put this organization at least beyond the reach of partisan manipulation.

The Cosmopolitan has made its November number a valuable one by procuring an article from the pen of the lamented John Fisks on "Milton." And it has made itself timely by a study of Tom Loftin Johnson by Henry George, Jr. The election in Ohio shows in unmistakable tones that Ohio is not as yet ready for the "three-cent man." And still the appearance of such a man as the leader of Ohio Democracy is a startling demonstration of the fact that the political issues of the United States are undergoing rapid transformation, and, as a consequence, that the political creeds of the people are being slowly but surely reconstructed.

An English minister has been telling in the *Enquirer* "What the laity might make of their churches." In this article he reminds the laity that there was a time in the history of the "first great churches of christendom when there were no ministers in the modern sense of the word. The work was done by earnest men and women who bound together for a common purpose and burning with a great conviction of the new kingdom of God, set the world on fire." He also tells the laymen that their indifference to regular attendance to church "is largely due to mistaken ideas of liberty. Too many seem to think that religious freedom is an end in itself and have become slaves to the notion of their own liberty." He sums his appeal to the laity by asking them "to give more of their time, energy, money and sympathy to carry on the great work God has given them to do."

Lord Avebury recently helped to lay the foundation stone of a Ruskin Memorial at Bournemouth. It is to take the shape of a village library, art gallery and museum. There are many more such memorials to follow. The vitality of John Ruskin's word and name is just beginning to make itself manifest. But we quote this item not only because it indicates the Ruskin vitality, but because it suggests a happy combination. We hope the building has one more available and necessary attachment, viz.: A suitable auditorium, a small but fitting classroom, where the community may gather in the interests of the humanities that are related to the well being of the whole town. In America we have not yet learned the economy of combination in these high lines. The Carnegie libraries that are springing up all over the country, with a little humility on the part of the architects, might easily include this place of public gathering without increasing the cost or detracting from the potency and dignity of the library, but on the other hand greatly contributing thereto.

"The greatest football game on record—20,000 people in attendance." Such are the headlines in the daily papers concerning the contest between Michigan and Wisconsin on the athletic field of the University of Chicago. But it has cost already one life, crushed out by the collapse of the grandstand, and, according to the clear figures published in the newspapers, upwards of $18,000 betting money was collected at the Victoria Hotel alone, this being the headquarters of the Wisconsin team, upwards of $12,000 of which was held by the clerk of the hotel, and when he refused to hold any more the proprietor of the cigar stand consented to hold the stakes. Probably this betting is a side attraction to many, if not to most, football games, but never before, we suspect, was this matter given such unblushing publicity, and still this is the "glorious game" in which college presidents, faculties and trustees delight—"the game that is doing so much for the higher education of America!" Perhaps so!

The returns of last Tuesday's election, which are still incomplete as we go to press, are such as to give

great gratification to the independent and the scrupulous voter in Chicago. The great humiliation in the last campaign was found in the fact that prominent citizens who assume to be champions of morality and representatives of the church, and so prominent a paper as the Chicago *Tribune,* were found supporting the candidacy of William Lorimer and Martin Madden for the United States Congress, although both these men stood convicted at the hands of their friends of grossest violation of public trusts and continuous prostitution of public interest to private ends. Both these men had been relegated to private life by their own parties. In 1896 the Chicago *Tribune* joined with all the right-minded people in the State of Illinois in rebuking the arrogance of Martin B. Madden when he aspired to the Senatorship of the United States. But because these men by "lying low" and "keeping still" had by means of "trading" and "stampeding" succeeded in getting themselves nominated on the "regular" Republican ticket in ways most irregular, this great journal, eminent judges, and even would-be reformers and independents consented to hurrah for these men, all "for Roosevelt's sake." "The President must be upheld." But, thanks to the sanctity and privacy of the Australian ballot and the growing independency of the voter, the people—"the common people," in whom Abraham Lincoln so trusted—did not forget, and Martin Madden stands rebuked for the second time and Chicago is saved from a great humiliation. Even "Billy" Lorimer has scarcely won out in a district that was gerrymandered for his own special use, the outlines of which have more convolutions than the Chinese characters on a tea caddy. It is still worth while to live in Chicago. The splendid work of the Legislative Voters' League, led by George E. Cole, president, and Hoyt King, secretary, shows that the people are beginning to realize that personality counts more than party, and that the honesty of the man is of more importance than his partisan traditions.

The Stage Re-Enforcing the Pulpit.

The rendering of Paul Heyse's drama, "Mary of Magdala," with Mrs. Fiske in the leading role, on the Chicago stage these days has provoked very different estimates from the ministers of our city. One minister, pastor of a Presbyterian Church, thinks its appearance a sad indication of American decadence. Another Presbyterian minister thinks it "an affront because it departs from the simple New Testament account and mixes things up horribly," while an Episcopal pastor calls it "An illustrated sermon." He says that "there is truth, there is purity, there is virtue, there is goodness and there is happiness in it, all free from sensualism." This he considers the moral lesson of the play, which play he pronounces "healthy, worthy and inspiring." Dr. Driver, the successor of Dr. Thomas in the People's pulpit, calls the play "A great epic sermon, full of pathos, instinct with infinite hope and consolation."

Dr. Hirsch says: "It is a strong play; it was a noble purpose that led the aged poet to turn to Biblical subjects, but it was a venturesome undertaking. Hands less delicate than his and a soul less deeply in sympathy with the grandeur of the miracle wrought through the purifying power of a heart aglow with love would have been hopelessly baffled. * * * * Dignity never was dead in the fundamental tones of Mary's disposition. Even in the New Testament story this element is presupposed. The Master reads through the outer husk and discovers the inward sweetness of a kernel which the lust superimposed has not been able to corrode or corrupt."

It was the pleasure of the present writer to witness the play and he is glad to bear testimony to its impressive character. It is a revelation of how the stage might re-enforce the pulpit as well as an interpretation of the passionate power of gospel narratives which have been largely neutralized by the unartful handling of the same by the theologian and preacher. "Mary of Magdala" is a subtle story wonderfully interpreted by Mrs. Fiske. The self-suppression under intense strain creates a profound impression upon the thoughtful, and Mrs. Fiske deserves much credit for the courage and high art she brings to this work in the face of obviously lower standards and cheaper demands of the theater-going public on the one hand and the prejudices and dogmatic opposition of the ministry and certain church folks on the other.

But, to our mind, Judas in this drama is a study even more suggestive than Mary. Judas in the hands of this modern poet is a man swayed by the mixed motives inspired by a passionate love of woman, country and race. He is a zealot whose moral nature is warped and dwarfed by his patriotism, consequently disappointed and at last disgusted by the leadership of one who has risen above the ethics of war and the inspirations of contention. The poet's handling of Judas suggests the subtle study of W. W. Story, but it far exceeds that fine poem in historic probability. This character of Judas, which is extra, though not necessarily non-Biblical, is profoundly suggestive at the present time, when so many people justify their endorsement of mean men and bad deeds on the score of loyalty to party and country.

We regard every such play as this as a spiritual and moral contribution to the future. It is a prophecy of the better and nobler things to come. The pulpit and the church were never more in need of re-enforcement in this battle with materialism and selfishness than now, and there never has been a higher and more effective ally to the church in this battle than art, and the most moving of all art is probably dramatic art.

The modern drama began in the bosom of the church and it should yet be claimed by the church, and when the church shows its willingness to receive and appreciate such help we may not only look for a redeemed stage, but a reinspired church.

Church members should go to see "Mary of Magdala" in order to have their religious natures quickened and ministers should go in order to find out how to preach and perhaps to discover incidentally one answer to the question, "Why the decline in church attendance?"

Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

In the great roll call of the dead for 1902 will be found the name of one of the most remarkable women of the century, Elizabeth Cady Stanton. The second to die of the distinguished group who created the Woman Suffrage movement in America, she is survived by Miss Anthony and Mrs. Livermore, who with the great weight of years upon them are still doing service in the cause. Lucy Stone, the other valiant leader of a forlorn hope, laid down her arms several years ago, but her mantle descended upon the shoulders of her daughter Alice Stone Blacknell, the able editor of that very able paper, *The Woman's Journal*, of Boston.

But Mrs. Stanton was pre-eminently the pioneer, though she was early joined by Miss Anthony and Lucy Stone. Mrs. Livermore was a later recruit though for nearly thirty years she has been an inspiring leader not only in the suffrage cause, but in all that pertains to the improvement of society and the betterment of the world. Her eloquence has moved multitudes in almost every city and large village in the East and in the West, and she has been heard also on the great Pacific slope and in England. An early abolitionist, like Mrs. Stanton, and a life-long advocate of the cause of temperance, this trinity of reforms has been the object of her devotion since her early girlhood.

Miss Anthony, more than either of the others, has always proclaimed "this one thing I do," but surely the one thing was worthy of one life time, and even she has struck strong blows for right and progress wherever opportunity was presented. When the early martyrdom of the leaders of the suffrage movement is remembered, it is a cause of some wonder that they all kept sweet—that railing and bitterness were left to their opponents, and that they reasoned calmly, and pleaded gently, while defying the conventions sublimely, and treading the prejudices of the people under their feet mercilessly. There was a time when Miss Anthony was loudly proclaimed a scold, but a more intimate acquaintance with her changed the estimation in which she was held, and the piquancy of her personality was held accountable for her spicy speech, and she became a prime favorite with the people. Brave, heroic, but gentle Lucy Stone was loved from the first. A great multitude whom no man can number now plead the woman's cause the country through. Some able women, like Olympia Brown, of Wisconsin, antedate Mrs. Livermore by several years, and others are later accessions to the ranks. Mrs. Brown is one of the most earnest and convincing of all the gifted speakers who have led the suffrage host, though her life work has been in the ministry rather than in the lecture field.

It is unnecessary to recount the facts of Mrs. Stanton's life in the columns of UNITY. The daily papers have already told the story to those not already conversant with it. Those who have followed the course of UNITY from its very beginning, of whom I am one, know that it has spoken in season and out of season for the cause of woman, and has never faltered in the darkest hour. It has felt the heroism of these pioneers in the cause of woman's rights, as only those can feel it who have long led unpopular reforms, and felt the arrows of disdain, the shafts of obloquy, the keen thorns of ridicule, and the weight of ignorant but honest denunciation, hurled upon their heads continuously. One can bear even this for a day, but to elect to endure all this for a life time calls for a courage which can only be rated as sublime. Mrs. Stanton chose thus in her youth. She had family, position, opportunity, troops of friends. She endangered all by her advocacy of this unheard of reform, the woman suffrage movement. Was not the abolition propaganda enough, must she add this new scandal to what her friends must expect of her? Averted faces, scornful smiles, whispered jests, became her daily cross, but she bore it royally up the hill of difficulty, and never lost her womanly sweetness and calm.

Mrs. Stanton was abundantly endowed by nature for the warfare she engaged in. No opponent ever defeated her in argument. Those who measured swords with her rarely escaped without a scar. Her presence was regal, her manners those of a great dame, her speech absorbing, her worldly wisdom exceptional. She compelled audiences. In those early days it was almost disgraceful to hear her, but the people came. When there, they remained, and they refrained largely from jeering. Occasionally a barbed arrow was shot, but it was returned instantly with a quiverful, and no second was found for the leader of the opposition. Her nature was such that in time she enjoyed these tourneys, and made merry over them in her engaging fashion.

She enjoyed many triumphs in her time. The acclamations of the crowd were with her in her later years, and her position long that of a successful leader. She saw the fruition of many of her hopes. She could not expect to triumph completely. One life time is not long enough for such a work as she had inaugurated, even though it was as exceptionally long as hers. But the night to her eyes grew already thin and gray, and she could see in the eastern skies

> "the golden spears uprise
> Beneath the oriflamme of day."

We who are left, and our children's children, will enjoy the fruits of her labors. She saw the slave enfranchised, and woman's mind made free. This last transcendant, if not unalloyed, blessing was gained largely through her initiative. The laborers who entered the vineyard at the eleventh hour can hardly realize all they owe to the early blows she struck. The shackles were somewhat worn with hammering when the second generation began to strike. In a thousand original and efficient ways she had placed entering wedges into conservative walls. She had undermined tradition until it was honeycombed with doubt. She had questioned authority until authority was placed on the defensive. She had appealed to the women whose nests are built in the high trees, and to the men in whose blood chivalry is an inheritance, until a few powerful friends had been gained for her cause among the Brahmin caste. She had assailed the churches when that was the only way to fix their attention. She had fascinated a large class of young radicals who became the free lances of her following, pioneering in a rude way, and doing some harm withal.

She had done more than this. She had really and once for all fixed the attention of the nation upon the cause she advocated. This immeasurable feat she had performed with but a handful of helpers. There will be no ebb to the full tide of discussion of the woman question in this country, and it will never be settled until it is settled right.

It is this great woman's glory, that she was in the advance guard of one of the great movements of the age. No hand had mapped the constellations of the new world into which she forced her way. Hardly a comrade was by her side. Tangles of tradition impeded her feet, jungles of predjudice darkened impenetrably before her. Mountains of ignorance must be leveled before she could make any progress. There was no army with banners at her back. No bugle sounded the onset. There was no pomp and circumstance of glorious war. Only perchance "the trumpets of the streams among the hills." Only one woman taking her life in her hand and going forward. 'Tis thus God leads the world each age. His vanguard

still moves on; slowly the great host gathers and follows, forced back at times, but reforming and pushing on. They gain much, but seldom the complete victory they long for, in just the way they desire and expect. God overrules that, and with us remains

"The calm assurance of transcendent spheres,
And the Eternal Years."

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Columbus, Wis., Oct. 30, 1902.

THE PULPIT.

"What Can I Do About It?"

THE INDIVIDUAL ELEMENT IN CIVIC AND SOCIAL REDEMPTION.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, OCTOBER 26, 1902.

"Thou hast broken the yokes of wood, but in their stead shall become yokes of iron."—Jeremiah XVIII:13.

That Jeremiah is the most noble figure of the Old Testament becomes more and more apparent to the student. Judaism has furnished no character more august, more generous, more potent of personality and of word than Jeremiah, saving the Nazarene peasant himself. He is "the Christ" of the Old Testament. It is altogether likely that he and not the Gallilean carpenter was the sublime figure that floated through the brain of the great unknown poet of the Captivity when he described "The Man of Sorrows, despised and rejected of men, acquainted with grief; he who was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes are we healed. He was oppressed and afflicted, but he opened not his mouth; he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, as a sheep to the shepherd, but he was dumb. He was taken from prison and from judgment; cut off from the land of the living; for the transgression of his people was he stricken; he made his grave with the wicked, and was enriched in his death because he had done no violence; neither was any deceit in his mouth; he saw the travail of a soul and was satisfied."

"Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great and he shall divide the spoil with the strong because he has poured out his soul unto death. He was numbered with the transgressors and he bare the sin of many, making intercession for the transgressors."

All this is but a sympathetic, truthful condensation of the story of Jeremiah the brave man, the devout prophet, the great statesman, whose lines were cast in troublous times. He was called upon to rebuke kings, to mourn over the degeneracy of cabinet and conventicle. Counselors and priests were going wrong. The masses were threatened by armed foe from without and robbed by peculators and demagogues from within. Through all this Jeremiah stood firm as a rock in his integrity; bold as a lion in his protest; sensitive as the strings of the harp of Juda to the sufferings of his people. He was a man called upon to testify to unwelcome truths, to champion hopeless minorities, to defy public opinion, and he was a man who went down in the battle. He died a lonely death, far away from his native land. The date of his death is unrecorded; the place of his grave is unmarked; choosing the desert wastes of Egypt with the common people, too insignificant to be dreaded by their conquerors, rather than the protection of Babylon, which was guaranteed to the powerful, the learned, the *elite* of the conquered nation. He was distrusted, perhaps despised and persecuted to the last by those whom he would save. And still Jeremiah is the name that towers above all other names of his time and his people. Jeremiah has come to be the great primate of Bible-making Judaism; the great chancellor in Jewish jurisprudence; the mightiest statesman in the annals of Jerusalem; the dean of Israel's School of Prophets.

Way back in the sixth century B. C. he declared that religion was independent of place; that the God of Israel was not dependent upon Jerusalem; that the national gods were fabrications of the human mind; that true worship was independent of place. He was statesman enough to foresee the rising power of Babylon and he was brave enough to advise physical submission where military resistance was hopeless. When patriotism was anxious to express itself in rebellion and broken troth with Babylon, he appeared on the streets of Jerusalem with a yoke upon his neck as symbol of the true attitude to take for the time being. And when a fiery prophet of the narrower school seized it from his neck and broke the yoke he replied in the words of my text: "Thou hast broken the yokes of wood, but in their stead shall come yokes of iron." And, alas! how true history has vindicated this statesman's forecast.

Friends, we have broken the power of kings; we have escaped the thrall of priests; we boast of the democracy of our government; the freedom of our church; the right to think as we please; to worship according to the dictates of our consciences, and to vote as we choose. But in this boasted freedom we still, as I tried to show last Sunday, are in the thrall of party traditions, partisan bosses, conventional trammels. Our tax rolls are burdened with iniquity; our officers use their positions to advance their friends and to perpetuate their own domination. In short, there is danger that the yoke of wood that we have broken has been replaced by a heavier yoke of iron yet to be broken. Better responsible king than irresponsible boss; better the slavishness to a crown that has at least the dignity of traditions and the stability of an inheritance than subservience to a party whose traditions have been befouled and whose pretensions serve as a cloak to selfishness, cupidity and dishonor.

To-day I promised to consider with you the "Individual Element in Civic and Social Redemption," or to answer the question, "What Can I Do About It?"

The first adequate and final answer of morals and religion is, *win the right of honorable protest;* put yourself in a position wherein you will have a right to speak because your own conduct does not contradict your word, but does not re-enforce your ballot. You may not be able to correct the dishonesties of trade, but you can be an honest tradesman or else quit trading. You may not be able to break the thrall of convention or to prevent the extravagancies and absurdities of fashion, but you can be sensible in your dress, economic in your habits, simple in your tastes. You may not be able to save your neighbor from inebriety, to protect your wife or your children from the coarseness and the boisterousness of profane, drinking, smoking, flippant men, but you can keep your own breath sweet, your own tongue unstained with scandal, your lips unsullied with flattery or vulgarity. You may not be able to dethrone the "shyster" "machine" he has constructed, but you can refrain from machine he has constructed, but you can refrain from voting for him or at his bidding, and when he wins his way into the chambers where is stored the treasure of the city, the patronage of the state or the councils of the nation; you have then and only then the right of protest and to take the next step in the way of rebuke and reformation because you were not party to his advancement.

"What can I do?" Not much, but I can administer my own life, my own vote; I can place myself in the attitude where my protest will go at its maximum and

where my affirmation will be augmented by my conduct; I can re-enforce my ballot with my life.

Here we touch the root of our national impotency; here we discover the imbecility of our so-called "social leaders," the paralysis of the church and its ministry, the debilitating absurdity of our electioneerings and our political campaignings. We have too many furbelowed, bird-wearing, style-serving, sweat-shop patrons talking about dress reform; too many smoking parsons, tippling Sunday-school teachers, speculating and bribe-giving deacons talking about personal purity, laws of hygiene and the essentials of character; too many ante-election patriots with prophetic tongues but party-serving hands, talking about "our glorious republic," predicting for it an immeasurable future, in its name abusing the apathetic and appealing to men to do "their duty at the polls," to expect much reformation in society or much renovation of the state.

"What can you do about it?" You can do the only thing there is to be done; the only thing God has given you power to do or that man has a right to ask of you—you can begin at home. Take the Jeremiah stand—pull the weeds out of your own garden; sweep clean your own front door step; *count one* and take the consequences. Are you troubled about the extravagancies and artificialities in dress? Let your own garb be void of offense. Do you realize the indignities of the flesh inflicted by the kitchen and the sideboard? Let your own diet and drink be hygienic. Do you see a menace to the state in the wild, mad rush for externals, for things, for the dollars that harden the heart and narrow the lives? Dare to so administer your own energies and so devote your time that your own soul will be untainted by this mad passion. It is not required of you that you acquire riches or live up to a certain standard of style and luxury; indeed, it is not required of you to live at all unless the life be honorable and helpful, sweet and loyal, loving and gracious. And when you cannot live on these lines, your time has come to die and you had better fulfil your mission in noble death than defeat it in ignoble life.

Are you troubled over the tax roll and realize the iniquity involved? Then do you pay your full taxes, tell the truth about your property, though you be the only honest man in the ward and though you go to the poor house in consequence. Do you believe that one with God is a majority, or understand the principle involved in the old Egyptian code that made the prophet's vote count one hundred? Then make your vote prophetic, significant by its omission when it cannot be made noble by commission.

"He also serves who stands and waits."

"What can I do about it? I can win the right to honorable protest, enpoy the freedom of the man whose convictions are not contradicted by his practice; whose conduct outreaches his pretentions. That is what I can do about it.

Perhaps it would be easier to do this if we only could realize the value of it. There is immense direct significance in the individual. The seventy million citizens of the United States are made up of individuals. The unit alone counts. "All the great movements," says Emerson, "are the lengthened shadows of some great man." If this be an over-statement, certainly all great movements are traceable to the movings of individual judgment and the promptings of individual will. Every one can do something; no one can do much in this complex world of ours. The fundamental atheism is that which distrusts the potency of right unless it be represented by a multitude. The worst infidelity that ever smites the soul is that infidelity that trembles in the presence of majorities. The most insidious treason is that which leads a good man to distrust the potency of his ballot because he votes for a hopeless minority. The most impudent assertion ever thrown in the face of an honest man is that he throws his vote away when he votes for his convictions. Who am I that assumes to be responsible for another's vote? The utmost I can do to prevent the wrong man getting into office and to help the right man into position, as I understand it, is to cast *my* vote righteously and "with God be the rest!"

There is no need in this presence and at this hour to offer evidence to prove the divine leadership of the minority. Progress banks upon that minority. It is the fulcrum under the lever that moves the world. "Play the man, Master Ridley; be of good comfort. We shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out," said the old man Latimer, as he cheerfully hobbled along under his burden of infirmity and age toward the stake in front of Baliol College, Oxford, on the 16th day of October, 1555. We to-day read the charter of our freedom by the light of that candle that was lit for the burning of that old man 347 years and 10 days ago.

Oh! but, you say, there has been but one Jeremiah and few Latimers in the world. Great men count. But what of little men. Bless you! the great things of the world are accomplished through the instrumentalities of the little ones and the weak ones of God. Professor Ullman of Heidelburg, in his great work entitled "Reformers Before the Reformation," says his work might be called *"Biographies of the least known of these early reformers."* And he further says that on that account they *more deserve* to be known. Luther would have never been if John of Goch, John of Wesel and the "Brotherhood of the Common Lot," which they founded, and the "Peasant War," which they inspired, had not gone before. Latimer grew eloquent by virtue of the material offered him in Tyndale's English Bible, but 150 years before that Wickliff had his simple postils of protest scattered throughout the English realm by his little priests and their colleges were the smithies and the cobbler shops; their audience chambers were barns and wayside hedges. In this world of God's every man weighs something and his weight counts for something. Whether it counts for good or for evil depends upon which pan of the balance his weight falls into.

The great forces of heaven as of earth are silent forces. The great accomplishments of spirit as of matter are wrought in the dark. The silent drip in the the everlasting darkness of the cave creates the alabaster columns and crystal pendants. Not the tempestuous wind but the persistent sun strips the traveler of his coat, says the fable. Every word and vote touches the transmitter of a long telephone system where how far away in time and space the message will be delivered no one can tell.

Even this figure of the telephone and the electric wire is inadequate. Not even the submarine cable symbolizes the awful but sublime fact of the significance of your word and act and the far-reaching potency of your vote and mine, whether the vote be cast at the polls on election day or be the *viva voce* vote of the dinner table or the social circle, or the standing vote on the street corner or in the church.

Fortunately for me, this part of my sermon was preached for me in the columns of UNITY of October 16 by President Hadley, of Yale University. It was a sermon on "The Power in Approval; the Forming of a Living Spirit." He says 'There are two distinct ways which we can set out to do good—one direct and the other indirect." I have been speaking of the direct power of every word and act and the solemn responsibility therein involved. Let us pay a little attention to what the wise man of New Haven calls "the indirect effect" of our thinking and our actions. He says:

"The importance of public approval as a moral force is seen in every form of society and in every stage of the world's history. The lines of achievement which win this approval bring out the best talent of those who pursue them. In communities which regard military glory as the highest distinction, great soldiers are developed. In communities which value oratory and like to listen to oratory, the gift of persuasive speech is stimulated in the highest degree. In communities which deem money-making the best measure of a man's success and efficiency, business talent is stimulated to the utmost, and some other talents equally valuable to the race are correspondingly neglected. For the accomplishment of our friend's best work our sympathy and enthusiasm are an essential basis. The hero is apt to leave his mission imperfectly fulfilled unless he can find a response to his heroic deeds in the hearts of his followers. The audience has as much to do with the success of the play as the actor; and in order to have good plays the audience must have a healthy preference for what is sound rather than for what is diseased. It was the large body of intelligent theatergoers in the Athens of Sophocles or the London of Shakespeare which brought out among so many men and in such ample measure those qualities of dramatic construction and movement which the authors who addressed a less responsive public in vain tried to imitate."

Here is a suggestion of a wireless telegraphy in the realm of thought, in the domain of spirit. Wireless telegraphy rests in the discovery that an electric impulse is not only transmitted directly by the medium of a wire but that it radiates itself, creating, so to speak, an ever-enlarging wave of power; and when this potent wave strikes the sensitive receiver at any point around the circle there is a palpable result. The message transmitted into space has been picked up again on what seemed to be its aimless journey. Every individual is an electric battery sending forth waves of potency which not only help make or unmake the manhood and womanhood of his time, but of the far off future.

Professor Vincent, of the University of Chicago, has a lecture which he entitles 'The Psychology of the Mob." Professor King, of Oberlin, has recently written a significant book entitled "The Genesis of the Social Consciousness." These are most suggestive titles, throwing new responsibility upon the individual conscience and bringing additional encouragement to the right-doer, a fresh inducement to the truth-teller. There is a fell psychology of the caucus; there might be a benign psychology of election day. Every man, woman and child is an indirect contributor to this common conscience of the state; this common cowardice of the community. So long as honorable voters, intelligent electors indulge in short memories concerning public scandals, follow the lead of men who have notoriously violated public confidence, outraged public trusts, diverted public funds from their legitimate sources and used public office for private gain because they have schemed themselves into a nomination for, not by their own party, so long will the fell forces dominate at the polls and corruption will continue in high places.

The need of the hour is to break the hypnotic power of the "spellbinder" who in these latter days has called to his aid the acrobat, the merry Andrew with his Punch and Judy traveling show. The show may be innocent, but its political attachment is corrupting and makes for corruption.

This new and scientific doctrine of a social conscience, of a corporate intelligence, may minimize the significance of the great man, the direct reach of whose words may be over-estimated; but it maximizes the significant of the great mass, the irrepressible potency of which is beyond measure. With this new psychology it is not the kindling word but the stalwart deed that goes the farthest; it is not our philosophy but our practice that tells.

Your theories of parentage count but little; the quality of your parenthood counts immeasurably. The dead bird on your hat stifles the song of the bird in your voice and denies the bird-like hope in your heart. The boy will forget the minister's word on Sunday in the interest of purity when he sees that minister walking the streets on Monday with a cigar in his mouth. The public sentiment of your ward, the civic life of your city is debauched by the eloquence of the man who lifts up his voice in palliation or extenuation of a corrupt candidate and a corrupting ticket.

Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrews College, has told us that the Anglican Reformation has its roots among "the poorer classes, the tradesmen of London and the peasantry on the banks of the Humber." The former called themselves "The Christian Brethren;" the latter were "The Just Men of Lincolnshire." This hidden life continued bridging the time of Wickliff to the time of Tyndale! one hundred and fifty years' persecution did not destroy this spirit of independency; it "lived on as a hidden life," though no longer traceable. It continued in underground and obscure channels ready to blaze up in ready political response to whatever made for freedom and nobility in the new life which Henry VIII. called into being. It was this obscure integrity of intellect and independence of spirit generated through the many generations of British yeomanry that overruled the wicked passions of the king, to England's progress, her freedom and her glory.

Such will ever be the reward of those who, as it was said of Latimer, 'water with good deeds whatsoever has been planted with Godly words."

"What can I do about it?" I can throw off the iron yoke for myself and keep it off and thus contribute my throb of power to that pervasive electric wave that creates the sentiment that must first be private before it can ever be public; which hates sham; which opposes fraud; which despises iniquity; which encourages honesty, which glorifies honorable poverty, over dishonorable wealth, which regards both poverty and wealth dishonorable when they do not contribute to the sanity of the individual, the sobriety of the home, and the well-being of society.

"What can I do about it?" I can despise the tyranny of the majority; I can practice the democracy I profess; I can apply the principles I espouse; I can discriminate, to the utmost of my power, between the church of numbers and the church of the spirit; the culture that debilitates and the manhood and woman hood that cultivates; I can stand out and stand up for what I deem to be right, and thus be everlastingly right in my motive, however wrong I may be in my conclusion, and thus help make and maintain the nation which he who obliterates his personality, who fears majorities, who courts numbers, who indulges his own self-interest in the presence of great issues, wittingly or unwittingly unmakes.

This new psychology, this social conscience, this corporate life, puts a strangely new and far-reaching responsibility upon the voter. The ballot that represents an indulgent spirit, a compromising temper, a selfish interest, even though cast for the right man, counts wrong; and when it is cast for the wrong man it means more than one less or one more on the tally sheet. The direct result of such vote is trifling; the indirect result of it is momentous. Such a man, in the prophetic phrase of George Eliot, "depreciates the moral currency." He depresses the spiritual stock market of his country; he betrays his nation. The man or men who take a back step, espouse a reactionary movement, flinch in the presence of high perplexity in the interest of a church, a school, a university,

or the state may do but little direct harm, but they do an indirect harm quite beyond the reach of figures to estimate. They check the divine momentum forward; they blur the prophetic vision of their day; they retard the car of progress, and above all, they dampen the enthusiasm of the noble, chill the "passion for humanity" which has been well characterized as the very essence of Christianity, as it certainly is the spirit of religion.

In the language of the latest novel that has reached my table, entitled "The Last Word," "To my thought —my understanding—there is no way of making life good and clean and satisfactory but by each day earning the right to be here." That "right to be here" implies that I shall so live that others may find it easier to be noble; that others, again to borrow a phrase from George Eliot, "may be glad that I was born."

Let us bravely bear our yoke of wood ere we discard it to unwittingly assume the heavier one of iron. The only way we can COUNT ONE in this world is to be loyal to this *unit*, the inner self, the permanent self, which is in such danger of being overlaid by the transient selfishness.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Series—A Study of Special Habits.

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER V.

ORDER.

Proverbs or Verses.

"Order is heaven's first law."—Pope.
"Get thine house in order."—Bible.
"A stitch in time saves nine."
"By entering all that is sold or bought,
You'll escape much anxious afterthought."
"Let all things be done decently and in order."—St. Paul.

Dialogue.

We have a short word to discuss today. It is only of two syllables, and so you can easily take it down and remember it. I will leave it for you to decide whether it is a good or a bad habit. But will you first write it out? "Order."

That is the word. And does it suggest a good or a bad habit? "O, a good one," you exclaim; "that much we know."

But I am curious to find out whether you really understand what it means. Have you ever seen the letter-carrier, when he comes to your door in the morning? What does he have in his hands? "Why," you answer, "a pile of letters and papers."

And when he calls, does he stop and look all through the pile in order to find out what belongs to your home? "Not by any means," you continue; "he takes certain ones from the top and hands them to us."

But how do those letters happen to be on top whenever he arrives? Is it magic or chance? "No," you tell me, "there is no magic about it. He has fixed them in that way before he started out."

But what do you mean by fixing them in that way? "O," you explain, "he has taken his whole pile of letters and gone over them and sorted them according to the house numbers, aranging them in order."

There is the word, is it, "order?" And so we have come upon this habit in the letter-carrier. But what good is there in such a method for his purposes? Does it not take more, much more, time to sit down at the office and arrange all his letters according to a system before he starts out? Don't you think it is a waste of time? "No," you insist, "it is the other way. If he had to go through his package of letters at every door, it would take three times as long, and so it would require much more work on his part, and also many more letter-carriers."

Then what is the first thing which a habit of order does for us? What does it save? Money? Is that what I am thinking of?

"No," you point out, "it saves his time." Yes, that is it exactly. Then put that point down. It is very important. "The habit of order saves time."

Would you be able now to tell me what you mean by order? Can you describe it? "O," you answer, "it implies fixing things so that it is easy to find them when one wants them." How is it, for instance, in school life? Did you ever observe a boy or girl who was obliged constantly to fumble in his desk and be all the time looking and looking, in order to find anything he needed? And what is the trouble with them? "They do not keep their things in order."

But now, one other point. Suppose you had all your things fixed on your desk or in your room so that you could easily find them, that would be order, would it not? "Yes," you assert, "surely."

I assume, then, that if you always threw your collars or other clothing on the floor in the corner of your bedroom, and could always find them there, you would call that order? You would certainly have no difficulty in laying your hands upon them when you needed them.

What if you had a way of tossing your soiled clothes into a pile beside your table in your bedroom during the week, there would be no difficulty of knowing where they were at any time. Would that be order?

"No," you hesitate, "we are not quite so sure about that." But why not? You would have no embarrassment in being able to find your things, and that is what you said the habit of order implied.

I wonder if you ever went into a person's room, or came in upon him suddenly there, and noticed how he began to hide things out of the way, pushing a pair of shoes under the sofa, picking up a soiled handkerchief and putting it in his pocket, or suddenly brushing off some dirt from his clothes, or trying to straighten out his table a little.

Does that ever happen? "Yes," you admit, "everybody does that now and then."

But was that not what we should describe as order? What if his slippers were out in the middle of the room, or three or four shoes were lying around on the floor, or some clothes were hanging over a chair instead of being put away in the closet? He can always find these objects; he knows just where they are. Why is that not an indication of order?

"O," you tell me, "it doesn't look right." Why so, I ask? "As to that," you continue, "the way he tries to hide things when we come into the room shows that he is ashamed. He feels that he is guilty, and that it is not the same thing as order."

It strikes me, then, that we have learned something further about order. Apparently it does not always mean just having a thing where one is able to find it, but also having a proper place for a thing. Will you put it down: "Having a proper place for a thing."

Now what does that really imply? Suppose that there are two or three of your collars lying on the floor and your shoes scattered around. Where do they actually belong? "Why," you assure me, "in the closet or in the drawers." Exactly. Then there is a proper place for these clothes, and order means having them in their proper place.

Do you believe there are people, for example, who always *look* very neat in their dress, and very proper, with their hair always brushed, their hands clean, and their clothing just right, and yet who have private rooms where their things are scattered over the floor, with everything untidy, so that they would feel aw-

fully ashamed if anybody suddenly came in and saw them there? I am afraid that a good many persons live in just that way.

But I wonder if you can see how it affects one's moods having the habit of order. Do you think the person who has the habit will be more or *less* cheerful than the person who does not have it? "In that respect," you ask me, "why should it make any difference?"

Have you ever observed a person searching around everywhere for something he could not find, looking in his closet, in the drawers, on the table, everywhere? Is he cheerful and very happy just at that moment? Would you enjoy being with him just then?

"No," you smile, "he would not be exactly in an agreeable mood." Well, what sort of a temper would he display, do you fancy? "Why," you confess, "he may be inclined to be cross, out of sorts, just then." Then how may the habit of having things out of order affect us, would you say? "Make us cross and out of sorts?" Yes, surely.

I think you will find it true that people who have no habit of system or order are liable to be *constantly* disagreeable and out of sorts. You would not like to live in the same room with them or in the same house all the time. They would always be looking around for their things and be in a "snappish" mood, I fear.

But is there also such a thing as having order in the way we do our work, just as in the way we keep things in our room? Suppose I give you an illustration. Take two boys at school. What would be the method of the boy who was disorderly in his ways of working?

"Why," you explain, "he would jump around from this book to that book, or from this study to that study. He would never have the same time each day for the same work he was going to do."

And what would be the method of the boy who had order in his school work? "As to that," you answer, "he would have a regular time for each study or each book, and keep steadily at that study until he had finished it. He would not be skipping around in all sorts of ways."

And which boy or girl, do you suppose, could recite his lessons better, the boy who had the habit of order, or the boy who had the habit of disorder? "O," you exclaim, "of course the boy who had the habit of order."

But why? How will the boy who does not have any such habit recite his lessons? Will he begin at the right point and go along connectedly? "No," you admit, "the chances are he will skip around in his recitation, just as he skips around in his way of doing his work." I am afraid you are right.

What if a boy, when dressing himself in the morning, had no regular way of putting on his clothes, some mornings putting them on one way, or in one order, and another time another way and in another order? Would it make any difference in the long run? Do you think he would get his clothes on just the same? Why would it matter?

"O," you tell me, "it would encourage a habit of disorder. Then, too, sometimes he might forget certain garments." You mean, do you, that such a boy might come down to the breakfast table without his tie or collar?

Is it possible that you have ever heard of a boy who forgot to brush his hair before he came down to breakfast? How could he overcome such mistakes? "Why," you assert, "that is plain enough. If he had a regular method of dressing himself, he would not forget." Yes, that is certainly true.

I wonder if you know of a word or phrase that we sometimes use about people who do not have habits of order. It is not a very nice term. But it describes those persons who come down to the breakfast table without their cravat on, and who forget their collar, or overlook brushing their hair, or leave their bedroom in an untidy condition, with clothes lying around on chairs or on the floor, or have spots on their clothes, or soiled shoes. Suppose you write it down. There it is—"Being slovenly." It is anything but nice to be slovenly.

Did you ever hear of a girl who always has hairpins lying around on the table, or shoes with buttons off or only half buttoned? What would you call a habit of that kind? "Slovenliness?" Yes, that is just what it would be, sloveniness.

Points of the Lesson.

I. That order implies arranging things so that one can find them easily.

II. That it means having a proper place for things and having them in that place.

III. That it helps us to save time.

IV. That it helps to keep us from being cross, or out of sorts, or disagreeable.

V. That it means also having system in the way we work, so that in this way we can accomplish a great deal more.

VI. That it keeps us from losing our self-respect. If we have the habit of order, we are not ashamed when persons come upon us suddenly.

Rhymes.

"One Thing at a Time."—M. A. Stodart.

Duties.

I. We ought to do our work in such a way as not to waste time.

II. We ought to have a suitable place for a thing and keep it there.

III. We ought to have a method in the way we work and keep to that method.

IV. We ought to follow those methods by which we can accomplish the most work.

V. Whatever we do we ought to do it with system and order.

Further Suggestions to the Teacher.—The question may come up whether a person could not be too orderly, although this is not a usual danger among children. Yet there may be some value in dwelling upon it. People as they grow older and pass into middle life sometimes become positively "cranky" about having things exactly in the same place, so that it makes them unhappy if the place for the thing is changed, even where the change is really needed. The question could be raised whether an exaggerated habit of that kind is real order, or whether it is not becoming a slave to routine. Naturally this part of the subject requires a great deal more caution in the way it is dealt with. It may rest with the option of the teacher whether to take it up or pass it over. Sometimes the children will raise the point themselves. There is the term "fussiness" or "being fussy" as applying to this phase of the subject.

The World and the Worlds.

When comes the silent night, the good God shows
There still are worlds on worlds for us above,
And so a sense of comfort in us grows,
And we can rest watched by the lights of love.

But when the active morning dawns, the sun
Shows us the one rich world that is right here,
And so devotion for our task is won,
And so our duty is divine and dear!

William Brunton.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Principal Fairbairn's Great Book.*

We are somewhat late in our review of this book; but the delay has been caused in large measure by the merits of the book itself. It was put into our hands just at the beginning of our summer holiday, and a first glance at its contents convinced us at once that it was not a book to be hastily read and as hastily set aside, but a book that demanded careful reading before being subjected to criticism. Justice could not be done to it while in a summer frame of mind; it needs must wait until we enter upon the serious business of life again.

And taken in this way we do not hesitate to say that this is one of the most important contributions to religious thought this season. It claims with Prof. James Gifford lectures the first place in twentieth century religious literature. In the wideness of its outlook, in the insight into great principles, in the subtlety of its reasoning, in the largeness of its plan, in the beauty of its construction—this book reminds us of the work of that great master in English religious thought, Dr. Martineau. Principal Fairbairn does not occupy the same theological position. He has a different conception of the essentials and non-essentials of Christianity. Nor is he so convincing. Principal Fairbairn is nothing unless he is rhetorical. He carries you along as with a mighty sweep. But when you have read all he has to say the same questions present themselves, the same doubts. He is a persuasive writer, but not a convincing one.

At the very beginning the author makes a significant confession. It illustrates the death of Max Mueller's saying that, as no man knows his own language rightly till he has learnt another, so no man knows his own religion clearly till he knows something about another. Principal Fairbairn refers to his appointment as Haskell lecturer by the Chicago University. It was his duty to visit India and deliver certain lectures in the presidency towns. While there he determined to study the religions of the country on the spot. The effect was wide-reaching. The contact with the reality both illuminated and perplexed him. It was not so much that his knowledge was false as that it was mistaken in its emphasis. He treated the religions of India, and elsewhere, with a greater tolerance and a larger sympathy than we are accustomed to find in works of this kind by writers of the author's position. His attitude toward his own religion is changed. It has been the custom of the Christian apologist to isolate Christianity—to take it out of the category of the human and natural and to put it among the superhuman and supernatural. They seem to think it had sprung, perfect and complete, Minerva-like, out of the brain of Jehovah. But Principal Fairbairn abstains from that. He does not separate Christiaity from all other religions—nor does he give it an origin different from theirs—at least in the main he does not. There are times when all the special pleading of the apologist is brought into play with disastrous results to his own argument. But in the main he treats Christianity as part of the great evolution of religions—the highest evolution, perhaps, but still a part and the result of evolution.

And religion he defines as "subjectively man's consciousness of relation to suprasensible Being." And in this subjective sense he finds religion universal. It is so essential to man he cannot escape from it. It besets him, penetrates him, holds him even against his will. The proof of its necessity is the spontaneity of its existence. It comes into being without any man willing it, or making it; and as it began so it continues. And doubtless the author is right. Whichever way man turns he faces the infinite, and this infinite he interprets in the terms of a personal being. He is possessed with the idea of a power superior to and above himself, yet in some way akin to himself. Whence came this idea? Why does it continue to be? These questions the author sets himself to answer, and we think with success. He takes issue with Herbert Spencer that the religion of the primitive man is due to a mistaken inference or erroneous interpretation of familiar phenomena—206. He says that in order to formulate his theory in a manner to prove it, Mr. Spencer has first to make his primitive man. And he makes the wise remark that "there is no region where a healthy and fearless scepticism is more needed than in the literature which relates to ethmography"—204. We need to draw a distinction between the persistent continuous idea and the forms in which it has been clothed. The numberless forms may pass, but the idea remains. What is most generous in religion has at once its root and origin in what is most generous in man—215. And the persistence of the idea means the continuous activity of the creative factor; the variety in forms it assumes are due to causes more or less local or occasional. This point the author proves with a wealth of illustration which reveals alike the wideness of his knowledge and keenness of his insight. He is in search for the hidden cause at work, the persistent cause. You cannot trace religion to the hallucination of dreams, with their suggestions of mysterious doubles, of a gorged or hungry savage. Nor will it be possible to describe its oldest or most rudimentary forms in such terms as 'superstitions,' or 'mistaken inferences'—209. The persistence of the idea within bears witness to the existence of an object without; and, to the author, this idea is an intuition implanted by the Almighty.

It is impossible to illustrate here all the stages of his argument. He uses the facts which the ethnologists have gained with great skill. He brings to bear a wide philosophical reading. He is at one with Martineau that nature does not interpret nature; nature interprets man; that moral judgments involve freedom. He is also at one with Butler and Kant and Martineau that an ethical man means an ethical universe. He does not ignore the existence of evil; he thinks it is inevitable—given moral freedom. But he thinks that were this the last word then there would be no hope, and we ought to be of all creatures the most miserable. He says: "Nature cannot here speak the last word; we must wait the revelation of the Son of God. To allow evil to come and continue without any purpose of redemption—i. e., to leave it as an ultimate fact and the final state of created existence—were to us an absolutely inconceivable act in a good and holy and gracious God." And so he asks:

(a) 'May not the existence of evil explain and justify the event which we call the Incarnation?' and (b) 'How can we conceive the justice and goodness of God in relation to evil if his continued and final action towards it is excluded from consideration?'—168. But surely these questions ignore the whole lesson of evolution. The idea that God is working towards perfection by the natural process of his law, and that, given time, evil will be eliminated and good established, is ignored. The author is impatient. He would snatch perfection by a miracle. Has such a miracle occurred? Has such an incarnation as he pictures taken place? The answer to these questions form the second point of the book. On this he concentrates all his efforts. It is evident that the task is the most congenial to him. But in carrying it out, it must be said, he is the least satisfactory. He ceases to be the cool, dispassionate reasoner and becomes the impassioned special pleader. His clear insight fails him; he takes the forms for the

*"The Philosophy of the Christian Religion," by Andrew Martin Fairbair, M. A., D. D., LL. D., Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, England. The Macmillan Co., New York.

reality, and makes them the essentials of Christianity. We had thought that the levitical symbolisms of the epistle to the Hebrews as applied to the life work of Jesus, had been relegated to the limb of dead superstitions. But here we have it restored again, and an attempt is made to revive it. Had the author been writing for the Jews, and appealing to the Jews, one could have understood it—only the Jews will have none of it.

He opens his argument by a startling admission. We must quote, in full, to get the force of it: He says there is a "remarkable contrast between the image of Jesus in the gospels and the conception of Christ in the œcumenical creeds. * * * * * * Years and even centuries cannot describe the difference between the simple lines in which the evangelists draw the historical portrait of Jesus and the metaphysical terms in which Nicœa defines the person of the Son and his relation to the Father, or Chalcedon distinguishes the nature and delimits their provinces and relations. * * *

"On the one hand, we have the Son of Man 'meek and lowly in heart; humble in birth; obscure in life; 'despised and rejected of men'; disbelieved by the priests and rulers, companying with publicans and sinners; crucified under Pontius Pilate; forsaken in death by His disciples, and followed to the grave by only a few women, who were too mean to be heeded by His enemies, and who but loved Him the more that He suffered so much. On the other hand we have the Son 'con-substantial with the Father,' 'begotten, not made,' 'very God of very God;' we have a person of two distinct natures, which must neither be divided nor confused. * * * * * If we attempt, first, to look through the eyes of the evangelists, and next, to think in the categories of the councils, we shall feel as bewildered as if we had been suddenly transported from a serene and lucid atmosphere to a land of double vision and half-lights, where men take shadows for substantial things."—3-4.

All this is true; a Unitarian could not have said it better. Nay, it is what the Unitarians have been saying ever since the time of Channing. But then, what does Principal Fairbain make of this fact? What does it mean—what ought it to mean to him? Instead of letting it speak for itself, and accepting the simple Jesus of the gospels, he deliberately deceives his own judgment. He takes the false robes of the Christ of the creeds and puts them on the Jesus of the gospels. He takes the real Son of Man and changes Him into the shadow of a Man—God, and says "Here is your God; worship Him!" And how does he do this? He says that "without the personal charm of the historical Jesus the œcumenical creeds would never have been either formulated or tolerated"—a fact we can readily admit. But he also says that "without the metaphysical conception of Christ (i. e., of the creeds) the Christian religion would long ago have ceased to live."—4—a statement we directly challenge. But even supposing it were true, does not Principal Fairbain see whither it leads him? If our reading of ecclesiastical literature be correct it leads him straight into the arms of the Roman Catholic church. If we need the creeds to interpret the gospels (and that is the claim of the Catholic church), then the church that stands for the creeds holds the keys after all. And without the Roman Catholic church we should have no Christian religion today. Will Principal Fairbain admit that? If we have read a previous work of his on the claims of Roman Catholicism aright, he would be the first to deny it.

But why not let the gospels speak for themselves? The author makes a great deal of what he calls the "historical method," and he rebukes Herbert Spencer for making his theory first and shaping his history afterwards. "Allow a man to adapt the ways of logic and the method of proof to his own convenience, and give him the whole of time to range in for illustrations of his peculiar theory, and he will prove it; only the theory, when proved, will have but small scientific significance"—208.

Is that not exactly what he is doing? He gets his metaphysical theory of Jesus from the creeds first, and then reads it into the gospels. He moulds the history to suit the theory, and in spite of his own admission that the picture of the gospels was a human picture, he still finds it somewhat of a supernatural figure—a strange combination of God and man.

And whence does he get the doctrine of the Incarnation of God in Christianity?. Confessedly he gets it from the creeds; by implication it was not found in the gospels till the creeds were made to interpret them. He seeks to rest it on evolution and history. The whole burden of his earlier reasoning was to show how the appearance of the perfect man is the crown of natural development—taking nature in its largest sense—56; and there is a fine passage showing how the perfect man has revealed himself in art, in literature, in statesmanship—92. God has shaped the world by means of great persons. "Why, then, should He not send a supreme personality as the vehicle of the highest good to the race?"—93. True; but this is a long way from the doctrine of the Incarnation of God in Christ as taught in the creeds. Principal Fairbain himself speaks of the "person of Christ as a stupendous miracle —in the proper sense the sole miracle of time"—478. How, then, can he be the crown of *natural* development? One would think that the author had started out intending to be natural, but had ended in becoming *super*-natural. He is the victim of his theory.

So also in the distinction he draws between the apotheosis of Jesus and the apotheosis of other men. He lays it down that a "religion could not in any real sense begin to be without some form of apotheosis to the community"—294; and in a very fine passage he shows how the apotheosis of Buddha came about. He gives us what may fairly be described as the natural history of deification. He has a profound reverence for Buddha, and for the sake of his reverence the Buddhist disciple might well forgive him his criticism.

But wherein does this apotheosis differ from that of Jesus? In the case of Buddha, Principal Fairbain would contend the apotheosis was purely imaginary and fictitious; it answered to no reality; it bore witness to no Godship as belonging to Buddha. It was merely a subjective matter and had no objective correspondence.

Now, if this be so in the case of Buddha, is there any valid reason why it should not be so in the case of Christ? If the worship of one man does not make him God, should the worship of another? Yes, answers one author, but see what has come out of it. It was the apotheosis of Christ, who has proved the real substantial power in the world. It is not the "Jesus of history who has so powerfully entered into history; it is the deified Christ who has been believed, loved and obeyed as the Saviour of the world"—15. And can a fiction act upon humanity for good? Can an illusion be as powerful as truth? Possibly not. But even fictions and illusions can be made to work for good, as is seen in the influence of some of the fictions and illusions of Buddhaism and Mohammedanism and Roman Catholicism. God has his own way of bringing good out of evil.

But the author is simply begging the question when he asserts that it is "not Jesus of Nazareth who has so powerfully entered into history—but the deified Christ." We maintain the very opposite. We maintain that it is the Jesus of Nazareth—the Man Christ, the Son of Man, who has entered into our modern civ-

ilization. Nor are we alone in this. That eminent philosopher, the present Master of Balliol, Professor Edward Caird, has declared that "the power of Christianity has *always* lain in its bringing Christ, at once, in virtue of the same moral and spiritual characteristics, into unity with God and with man; and the theological doctrine of two natures in Christ which are the source of separate and even opposed attributes, has never found an echo in the voice of immediate religious experience. * * * In truth, the attempts of theology to raise Christ above the conditions of human life and to give him a metaphysical or physical greatness of another kind, really end in lowering Him and depriving Him of His true position in the religious life of man. (Evolution of Religion, vol. ii, page 232-3.) We commend these works to Principal Fairbain in the hope that in any subsequent edition of his work he may revise his argument. While the book is a valuable contribution to modern religious thought, its value lies as much in what it does not prove as in what it does prove. It proves that God was in the universe, in humanity, in history. It proves that God was in Christ just as he is in other men, only perhaps in fuller measure. But it does not prove that Christ had two natures—that there was in Him a source of strength there is not in us—that while weak He was omnipotent, while ignorant he was omniscient. It does not prove that Christ himself claimed to be "God of very God," nor that the Evangelists looked upon Him as such. But it does prove that this was a dream of the theologians, a figment of the councils. We thought as much.

ALBERT LAZENBY.

Unity Church, Chicago.

Notes.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has given us a new novel, "Avery." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published a study of reference books for the American Library Association. A book that helps one to find his way through books is a boon in these days. Kate Douglas Wiggin has carried her Penelope into Ireland this time. Her experiences there must be attractive.

It is a significant sign of the times to find the American Unitarian Association breaking over the time-honored limitation of theological publications and controversial discussions and launching out into the field of sociology, practical ethics (and why not?) of general literature, thus vindicating its Unitarianism by de-Unitarianizing its energies. The first two volumes in this new departure are "The Blood of the Nation," by David Starr Jordan, an expanded lecture which was given in All Souls' Church, Chicago, and in many other places in the West some years ago, and "Some Ethical Phases of the Labor Question." Both these books will receive more consideration in our columns; this is simply a congratulation to the association for this decided step forward.

We are glad to see that Mr. Wagner's "The Simple Life" is finding its constituency with great rapidity. It has been frequently spoken of in these columns before. President Roosevelt rose out of his Presidency into manhood when he spoke a good word for it. We wish there might be classes formed in many churches to study this handbook of the most needed gospel today—the Gospel of Simplicity.

Mrs. Frances Weston Carruth has been taking fictional rambles in and about Boston, and the result is soon to be published by the McClure-Philips Co. It will be interesting to see those Boston men and women through Kansas eyes.

"The New Ethics," by William DeWitt Hyde, is the leading article in the November *Atlantic Monthly*. It is an article not to be skipped.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—There is hope that is never put by,
There is love that refuses to die.

MON.—Life offers no joy like a friend,—
A heart where we know and are known.

TUES.—However it fails of its errand,
Love makes the world sweeter, I know.

WED.—The flower was not given to me,
But it freshened my spirit forever,
As it passed, on its way to thee!

THURS.—I know that love never is wasted,
Nor truth, nor the breath of a prayer.

FRI.—O, as God hath blessed thee,
Scatter light divine.

SAT.—The thought that goes forth as a blessing
Must live, as a joy in the air.

LUCY LARCOM.

The Battle Is Over.

There is warfare in the garden and the many are outmatched
In the struggle of the millions and the one;
For the bitter wind is blowing and the yellow leaves are going
And the armies of the summer turn and run.

Here they come, a flying legion, round the corner, down the path,
While they seek in vain a shelter from the foe,
By his furious onslaught scattered, clad in russet, torn and battered,
Lost and ruined in the summer's overthrow.

Time was when they were allies in the April afternoon,
When the winter and the snows were at an end;
For he touched the earth so lightly that they issued green and sprightly,
And they hailed him for their champion and their friend.

Then they loved him in the summer, and he kissed them as he passed
When the uniforms they wore were fresh and green,
And they trusted in him blindly, for they thought his voice was kindly
As he whispered through the coppice or the dene.

But they found his rough advances on the gray September morn
Very different from his genial breath in June,
For when the year grew older his friendship it grew colder,
And he threatened and he piped a warlike tune.

So they fought him and he beat them, and the garden paths to-day
Tell a sorry tale of ruin and defeat,
For the cruel wind is roaring and before him, whirling, soaring,
Go the little weary soldiers in retreat.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Puss's Beautiful Home.

Near the Dewey Arch in New York is a cab-stand where cabs are kept waiting for customers. About this arch for some time a beautiful cat has made her home. The cabmen have fed the cat and petted her. In some way or for some reason a hole was left close to the ground in one of the columns. Puss made this column her home.

Recently, one morning, there were heard in this column several feeble mews. It was so dark that nothing could be seen. Toward noon puss appeared, very happy, asking for her usual luncheon. In every possible way she told about the beautiful kittens so safely housed in the beautiful arch, with cars and trucks and carriages whirling about their home so constantly that it would be dangerous for them to take an airing. Puss is well cared for, having more food and water than she wants. When the babies leave their beautiful home they will find a score of cabmen waiting to provide them with other homes.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO. ALL SOULS CHURCH.—Sunday, November 2, was a high anniversary in All Souls church. Twenty years ago Mr. Jones, then Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, held a service in Vincennes Hall, at the corner of Thirty-fifth street and Vincennes Avenue, preaching to an audience of twenty-three people, the nucleus of the new church organization. The service used on this anniversary was the same beautiful Harvest Service with which All Souls day has been celebrated by this church every year since the first, a service of prayer, song, and responses in which the children of the Sunday-school join with church and pastor in grateful commemoration of the past and a forward look toward the future, a service whose annual repetition and tender associations render it dearer to many hearts with each recurring season. The pastor spoke briefly of the modest beginnings and of the work of the twenty years which have intervened. The subject of the first sermon was "The Ideal Church," and from that day to this, All Souls Church has spent itself in attempting to actualize that ideal. It would be a working church, open and active every day of the seven. It would welcome poor as well as rich to its ministrations. It would be a church that would pay its debts, that would play its part in the world of men and action. It would aim to teach, and, so far as possible, realize the necessity of an intellectual output which should give balance and sanity to the emotional side of the religious life. It would emphasize the gospel of simplicity and the simplicity of the gospel. It would spiritualize the common daily life of common men and women. The minister referred to the name "All Souls" as significant of this church ideal. When the dear old mother church had named every saint she could remember, lest some one might be forgotten she set apart a day in remembrance of all souls of whatever character or condition. So the ideal church would make a place for sinners as well as saints, living as well as dead. It would be the inclusive church of All Souls.

The church was simply but beautifully decorated for the occasion with the fruits of field, garden and wood, the two dates, 1882 and 1902 being conspicuously placed, while corn, pumpkins, apples, grapes, grasses, lichens and chrysanthemums lent their beauty to the place and were afterwards taken away to fulfill their mission over again in sick rooms and hospitals.

A pleasant and suggestive feature of the day was the fact that out of the twenty-five people present at the first service, twenty years ago, seven who had survived the vicissitudes of the changeful life of Chicago and the still more changeful life of the city church, were here to be counted at this anniversary.

E. H. W.

Foreign Notes.

THE QUESTION OF EXCHANGES.—Calcutta seems to send its full quota of exchanges to Unity's table. Besides the *Indian Messenger*, organ of the Brahmo Somaj, and *New India*, there now appears the *Moha-Budhi* and *United Buddhist World*, journal of the Maha-Bodi Society organized in 1891 "to make known to all nations the sublime teachings of the Arya Dharma of the Buddha Eakya Muni, and to restore and re-establish as the religious center of this movement the holy place Buddha Gaya where our Lord attained supreme wisdom."

Why is it that these orientals of such different religious ancestry from our own send us their publications with unfailing regularity, while it is so difficult to get and hold exchanges from the religious liberals and ethical workers of continental Europe to whom we would seem to be much more akin? Is it that difference of language is really more of a barrier to communion and sympathy, than diversity of religious inheritance, ideals and modes of thought? Our English kin remember us, and France has come next, but with Germany, Holland, Switzerland, Italy and the rest UNITY seems to find it very difficult to establish any direct relation.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF SOUTH AFRICA.—The *Unitarian World*, an English monthly now nearing the close of its first year, contains an interesting department of "Foreign Notes and News" as well as longer articles covering a wide geographic as well as spiritual range. The October number, for instance, contains a very interesting little survey of "Religious news and Religion in South Africa," by the Rev. R. Balmforth, of Cape Town.

"In the matter of religions," he says, "there are varieties enough in South Africa to satisfy every order of mind. From the superstitions of the Hottentot and the Kaffir to the elaborate ceremonialism of the Roman Catholic church, every variety in the western world is represented. And though the religions of the East may not be represented by organizations, they have numerous individual adherents. There is, indeed, a Mohammedan mosque in Cape Town, for the Malays form no inconsiderable portion of the population. Judaism is also very strong, both numerically and financially. Of the various shades of Protestantism we have the Seventh-Day Adventists, Plymouth Brethren, Swedenborgians, Spiritualists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Wesleyans and Episcopalians. The Roman Catholics are strong enough to run a monthly magazine, have good schools and colleges, and do a large amount of philanthropic work. Stronger than all these, however, is the Dutch Reformed church, which may be said to represent fully one-half the white population of South Africa. Its theology is Calvinistic, its form of church government, Presbyterian.

"From the Dutch Reformed church our own church, established in 1867, might originally be regarded as a schismatic offshoot. Its services were at first conducted in the Dutch language, but as the English language began to predominate in Cape Town, English services were gradually introduced, until now the services are held entirely in English. One of the most prominent of its founders, the late Leopold Marquard, was the son of a German missionary. Its first pastor, the Rev. D. P. Faure, is of Huguenot descent, and was trained for the ministry of the Dutch Reformed church. The church took the name of 'Free Protestant,' which is equivalent to our "Free Christian." Its first two rules read as follows:

1. The Free Protestant Church of South Africa has for its object the promotion of the great religious principle of Jesus Christ.

2. As the essence of the religion taught and practiced by Jesus Christ consists in "Love to God and love to man," all shall be admitted as members of this church who shall affirmatively answer the following questions:

Do you believe that true religion consists in love to God and love to man, and is it your earnest desire to practice this religion in your daily life?

"In 1896 it definitely added the name 'Unitarian' to the title 'Free Protestant.' In 1869 a Free Protestant church was established at Graaff-Reinet, a little country town some 700 miles from Cape Town, but regular services have not been held there for many years owing to the death and departure from the village of many of the original founders and supporters. The church building is still in the hands of local Unitarians."

Turning from the various forms of religion to its essence, Mr. Palmforth goes on to point out how the great Native question directly or indirectly affects all others, and speak briefly of the relation of the Salvation Army, the Dutch Reformed Church and other religious organizations to the "poor whites" problem and the native missions. He finds the tone of the moral and religious life on the whole lower than in Great Britain, and illustrates it by the connection between a false theology teaching that epidemics and similar visitations come from God and would come whether the sanitation and water supply were good or bad. Another deteriorating influence he finds in the prevailing love of gold, fostered by the nature of the country. "An enlightened millionaire," he says, "who had the interests of South Africa at heart, would send out from Holland a few liberal religious missionaries who would preach and speak to the people of the country districts in their own language, and he would also help the British and Foreign Unitarian Association to send out a few English Unitarian ministers to establish a liberal religious movement in the large towns.

THE GENEVA STRIKE: A CONTRAST.—While we were watching with intensest interest the progress of efforts for the settlement of the great coal strike, in Switzerland the city of Geneva was having grave labor troubles of its own, of which some echoes only reached us through the daily press. Over there this strike, originally confined to the street-car employes, was of absorbing interest, and gave rise to various ephemeral publications, from one of which I glean some interesting details.

The present trolley system of Geneva is an enterprise conducted by foreign capital, an English company having bought up, consolidated, unified and largely extended at great expense the various car lines of the district.

The returns on their large investment proved unsatisfactory, being for the first year little more than 1 per cent. over and above expenses. Though the second year showed some im-

provement, with a possible dividend of 2 per cent, certain American capitalists interested became dissatisfied and demanded changes in administration looking to a profit of 5 per cent. The director at the time, knowing the conditions, declared this to be impossible, and tendered his resignation. His place was filled by a representative of the American group, who has succeeded in causing two strikes in the seven weeks of his administration.

The foreign company had originally caused no little grumbling and dismay in the community by the ruthless way in which it exploited its franchise and played havoc with the streets quite regardless of local sentiment and historic associations. This may have had its influence with the public in the present crisis. Certain it is that popular sentiment was largely on the side of the strikers when on the 31st of August a general strike of street-car employes was ordered on account of the dismissal of forty-four employes and the introduction of a new order of service.

This first strike was practically complete, including not merely motormen and conductors, but station men, office clerks and employes of every grade to the number of 489, who went out simultaneously and proceeded *en masse* to the Velodrome to have themselves photographed.

At the end of two days, during which traffic was tied up and conferences innumerable had taken place, both parties agreed to submit to the arbitration of the *Conseil d'Etat*, by whom an investigating committee of three members was appointed. Pending its decision the strikers went back to work.

That decision rendered on the 12th of September was favorable to the employes on nearly every count, the dismissed men being taken on again and other demands yielded. In a short time, however, discontent was shown anew, the charge being finally made that the company was not living up to the stipulated conditions. To this charge formally presented to the committee September 25, the company made answer so effectively that the government declared itself satisfied and dismissed the complaint. Two days later the employes' committee called a strike for September 28. This was far from being general, so that street-car service was at no time absolutely suspended.

Other labor organizations took a hand in the affair, however, and the situation grew so serious that it was found necessary to call out troops and for a time the city was practically under military control. A proclamation of the *Conseil d'Etat* announced its intention of vigorously suppressing all disorder and called on the citizens to avoid congregating in the streets or public places. A private letter contains the statement that "the strike is now over with no other result than the impoverishment of the workers and a large commercial loss to the city. All public places in the city are occupied by soldiers. Seventy-five arrests have been made. Popular sentiment, which was at first with the workingmen, has been entirely reversed at sight of the disorder all this has led to, and we now hope for a period of quiet."

The little four-page sheet before referred to is fully illustrated with portraits and local views, and is particularly noteworthy for the contrast between what my friend in his letter calls "the fine head full of Anglo-Saxon energy" of the street-car company's American director and the rather bulldog physiognomy of one of the strike leaders. M. E. H.

Books Received.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION, BOSTON, MASS.

The Blood of the Nation. By David Starr Jordan.....$0.40

Some Ethical Phases of the Labor Question. By Carroll D. Wright 1.00

L. C. PAGE & CO., BOSTON.

Milton's England. By Lucia Ames Mead. Net..... 1.00

The Last Word. By Alice MacGowan. Illustrated.

THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON.

Apollo & Keats on Browning—A Fantasy and Other Poems. By Clifford Lanier.

THE OCCULT BOOK CONCERN, NEW YORK CITY. 63 West Forty-fifth St.

The History and Power of Mind. By Richard Ingalese.. 2.00

LITTLE, BROWN & CO., BOSTON.

Glimpses of China and Chinese Homes. By Edward S. Morse. Net 1.50

The Spiritual Outlook. By Willard Chamberlain Selleck. Net..... 1.00

How to Live. By Edward Everett Hale.

THE TRUTH SEEKER CO., NEW YORK.

War or Worship. A Poem. By Henry Bedlow.

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., NEW YORK.

The Religion of Democracy. By Charles Ferguson..... 1.00

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Literature and Life, W. D. Howells, net $2.25.

Studies of Trees in Winter, Huntington, net $2.25.

New France and New England, Fiske, net $1.65.

The Diary of a Saint, Arlo Bates, $1.50, net $1.12, postpaid $1.25.

Napoleon Jackson, Ruth McEnery Stuart, $1.00, net 75c postpaid 83c.

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